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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

MY SHIPS

My days are ships that put to sea
While in the dusk I silent stand
And watch them sailing far from me
To some unknown, far-distant land.

Into the dim and starless night
Over an ocean gray and lone,
Onward they sail, nor left nor right,
Each with a cargo of its own.

I may not know till all is past
What port they make when over sea;
But this—I know that I at last
Shall find my ships awaiting me.

Then may I stand and smile at Death,
If I have sent in every one
A little love, a little faith,
A little deed of kindness done.

—Stewart Maclean

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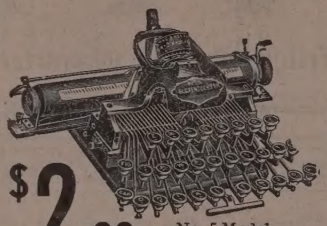

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1916. NUMBER 18.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Love is the filling from one's own
Another's cup,
Love is the daily laying down
And taking up.
A choosing of the stony path
Through each new day
That other feet may tread at ease
The smoother way.
Love is not blind, but looks ahead
Through other eyes
And asks not: "Must I give?" but
"May I sacrifice?"
Love hides its grief that other hearts
And lips may sing,
And burdened walks that other lives
May, buoyant, wing.

—*Pauline Frances Camp.*

A Chicago high school has introduced Building into the manual training course. Practical carpentry as a university extension course was inaugurated last year by the University of Wisconsin, and California is arranging for a similar course. A pine board scientifically studied carries the student into economics and art. It involves a scientific study that reaches from botany to the higher mathematics. Says John Ruskin, "What a great thought of God was that when he thought a tree."

A recent gathering of leading Russian officials at Petrograd, to discuss the immediate military needs of that vast empire, has promulgated the dire necessity of more railroad construction. Twenty-five thousand miles of railroad is an immediate necessity before Russia can adequately mobilize its forces and construct its defenses. Russia's needs are the needs of the United States. Although our country is enveloped in a network of railroads, these railroads are useless except as available connection is established between shipping points and products and the producers on the farm. If the United States would prepare for war, let it perfect its roads—a need little dwelt upon by the paraders.

A happy and growing family of doves are enjoying the sunshine and listening to the dictation of this note within a few feet of the place of writing, while the prudential parent coos her mournful note several rods away. Why this doleful song away from home? The wise suggest that it is to distract the enemy and lure him away from the beloved ones. When political trouble broke out in Paris while Napoleon was in Egypt, he sent back word to gild the dome of the Invalides to give something new and something other for the people to think of. Perhaps there is a connection between the sagacity of the mourning dove and the tactics of Napoleon. Perhaps both carry a helpful suggestion to President Wilson. Can he not, like the young Alexander, turn the head of the fractious colt so that he may not see his own shadow and consequently lose his senseless fear? Give the nation something more worthy to think of. Let the higher diplomacy enlist the nation's interest so that it may forget its militancy.

Chicago within the last few days has lost two useful, devoted men of large repute through the suicide gate. Prof. Hoxie, of the University of Chicago, was a man devoted to the science of economics. He displayed rare power in the detailed study of public and social well being. He was keenly alive to the burden of the laborer and the perplexity of the unemployed and the under-fed. The *Chicago Herald,* in a tribute to him, says: "The young men and women who came under his influence were touched by the power of that spirit which was fulfilled in Socrates." The strain of overwork, the burden of ill health led him to open the gate with his own hands and he passed through. The other man was Prof. J. Howard Moore, a teacher of science in the public schools of Chicago. As Prof. Hoxie felt the burdens of humanity and sought to correct the cruelties and tyrannies of the industrial world, so Mr. Moore's sympathy went out in unstinted tides to the humbler sufferers of the animal world. His soul agonized for the overburdened horse and the cruelty of the slaughter-house. To him vegetarianism was a religion and for him the table of the epicure groaned with ghastly sacreligiousness. His two books on "The Universal Kinship" and "The New Ethics" are classics in the library of the humane worker. More than Prof. Hoxie's, Mr. Moore's study clouded the sky and obscured the sun so that life, quite aside from the physical pain incident to a highly wrought nervous system, became a burden and he also gently opened the gate and passed through. Perhaps in both these cases intense specialization may have marred the perspective of life. Certainly Mr. Moore, in making up the equation, brought the balance of life's account on the wrong side. This to our thinking must be bad bookkeeping. "The dice of God are always loaded," said Emerson. Yea, verily, loaded in the interest of joy.

There is more pleasure than pain even in the meagerest life, and after making full allowance for the slaughter-house, the vivisection table, and the thoughtless though none the less cruel tortures of the race course, the over-laden dray and the over-sweated plow horse, the joy of the clover field, the providence of the manger, the ecstasies of parentage reaching down in the lowest strata of life, the radiance of the sunshine and the peace of the holy night that passeth understanding invest the humblest of God's children. The woes of life are real, the wrongs of man are lamentable; the study of them should drive us into discontent but not into despair. It should push us into tireless efforts to reform; but the joys of life should be so alluring that even in the direst conditions the gate of suicide should remain unopened.

Editorial Correspondence

I.

In the serenity of Tower Hill, before the postoffice is opened, and while the Chicago mail tarries, before even telephonic communication with the neighbors is opened up, it is hard to realize that our country clothed in the beauty and promise of these closing June days, is stirred if not with war alarms, with treacherous war enthusiasms. The men and boys who long ago sought membership in local militia companies as a sort of social function, a standing possibility of escaping from life's routines into the jolly company of the armory, suddenly find themselves confronted with an unexpected opportunity for a holiday excursion, a junketing trip to the "border" to take part in a "hunt" for the big game—for bandits who are supposed to delight in stalking Americans. According to all the papers this prospect is most exhilarating. These boys rush to the colors as they would to a picnic. Patriotism, always a duty, now becomes an enthusiasm, and recruiting, accompanied with flags and drums, women's kisses made tender through laughing tears, becomes a merry game.

To one who has lived through such exhilarations and consequently has a realizing sense that even the semblance of war, the much vaunted "preparedness," carries in its trail exposures, hardships, sickness, death from the absence of care and the accidents of drill, even though no enemies' bullets reach the heart. A soldier's life under any circumstances is lamentable. The youthful enthusiasm of these boys suddenly transformed into soldiers is pathetic. The bumptious belligerency of the newspapers in their clamor for immediate action is criminal. When all their high sounding phrases are reduced to their psychic essentials, they amount to a clamor for violence, a thirst for gore.

The writer is ignorant of the "last news," and before these words see the light many things may have happened. The dire danger of war may have passed, or the die may have been cast and the fearful arbitrament of the sword may have been appealed to.

Whatever the outcome may be, it is safe to predict that even this disturbance of the high routine of the lives of young men is being disturbed to the agony of their own homes, to the risk of their own business and to the serious menace to health and morals. For under the best of discipline and the most efficient provisions of the medical and commissary departments, a soldier's life is a dangerous one, and the dangers to the body are more than paralleled by the dangers to the soul. The camp has always and everywhere permitted, if it does not foster, the indulgences unthought of in the guarded and orderly life of decent society. Debaucheries, unspeakable profanities, unwonted vulgarities and flippancies unseemly have always been found in the trail of armies since history began, and there is no reason to believe that a war with Mexico, should it occur, would be an exception. For it will be a war that will bring the United States neither fame nor profit and can do poor, distracted Mexico no good. The atrocities perpetrated by the Mexicans on or over the border at their maximum are negligible quantities compared to the devastation of life and property involved in a most conservative military campaign.

The ills of Mexico are too deep seated to be cured by an invading army. The obligations of the United States to itself and to its neighbors are too profound to be discharged by cannon balls, rifle shots and bayonet thrusts.

Here is a golden opportunity for our government, a high call upon our President to try out the theories we have exploited, to practice the graces we have affected, to apply the gospel which we so loudly profess. There are so many things that might be done to and with the Mexicans other than shooting them.

Why not invite arbitration? Call a council of the American Republics; enter upon an aggressive campaign of education which alone will pacify Mexico? Even a belligerent newspaper estimates that it costs over $390,000 per day to mobilize the 50,000 militia asked for. Here is money enough to build and endow daily a high school or academy in Mexico.

We will not attempt to show how much cheaper it would be to carry out the program suggested by UNITY many weeks ago to establish an International Memorial Hospital in Columbus, New Mexico; found an Agricultural College at Chihuahua; to build a Normal School at Vera Cruz and a great University in the City of Mexico, all of them equipped and sustained by American money and, so far as efficiency would permit, equipped with American brains. But we do assert confidently that all this could be done with less money than it would take to wage a small war and

we believe that such a program would prove more practical. It would be accompanied with far higher results and would secure more protection to American men and money, and do more to give Mexico a stable, democratic government than anything that can be accomplished by the most "humane (!) war."

"I am not mad, most excellent Festus; but speak forth words of truth and soberness."

If a war is inflicted upon this country it will be a bankers' and editors' war; a war of big business, not of big principle. The toiling multitude, the honest farmer, the cool-headed philosopher, the sincere and consistent Christian deplore the present excitement.

Grant County in Wisconsin has a County G. A. R. organization that has become a social, civic and educational factor in the life of that county. Their annual meetings held from town to town are occasions of civic pride and public interest, where good fellowship and high thought are fostered. This year the rally was held at the beautiful little city of Boscobel and the Editor of UNITY was the speaker. The town put on its gala-day dress. Business was suspended; the school children were trained; there was a civic procession reaching from the kindergarten to the grizzly veterans with flags and drums. Thirty or more automobile loads of the "old boys," in addition to those who still preferred to march, moved to the fair grounds and the "grand stand" seats were promptly filled by 1,500 or more listeners who enjoyed a varied program that appealed to eye and ear. The address stretched over the hour and urged the consideration set forth in this letter. There was not a hiss, but much applause. That great audience assented and many of the old soldiers rejoiced that at last their views received public statement, and very many exclaimed, "Why are the papers so silent concerning these peace arguments? Why do they so persistently misrepresent millions of American people and do so much to mislead thousands of American youths?" To that vast audience, largely made up of farming men and women, at least the views of one "mollycoddle" were not considered craven or wanting in the red blood that makes for courage and patriotism.

J. LL. J.

Appeal to Neutrals

Two years will soon have passed since Europe was overwhelmed by the frightful catastrophe which is ruining and desolating the world. Two years and still no one can foresee the hour when this fratricidal conflict will end, for the two groups of powers which are arrayed against each other declare that they still have inexhaustible resources of men and means.

It would seem that Europe is rushing toward the abyss.

Has not, then, the moment come to act? If by an opportune step, an intervention of neutrals, the war could be shortened by a day, by a single day of bloodshed and destruction, ought not this step to be taken, however difficult, however fraught with uncertainty it may appear?

History will not be sparing in its judgment of the neutral countries if they remain merely spectators of the terrible conflagration. Moreover, those who are suffering from the war, and the belligerents themselves, have made the neutrals judges of their cause. Otherwise to what purpose are all the books, White, Blue, Red, Yellow—all the statements and all the commentaries which they have circulated in profusion in the neutral countries? May it not be that the belligerents, like the neutrals, are becoming persuaded more and more that a solution by force of arms will never be a solution?

That truth is the one which follows from the principles unanimously adopted by the Hague Conference of 1907. In the convention for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the representatives of all the Powers declared, practically, that they were "animated by a strong wish to co-operate in maintaining the general peace and resolve to further with all their efforts the friendly settlement of international disputes;" that they recognized "the solidarity which unites the members of the society of civilized nations;" that they wished "to extend the empire of right and to strengthen the sentiment of international justice;" that it was of importance to "consecrate in an international agreement the principles of equity and right on which are based the security of nations and the well-being of peoples."

A Conference consisting of delegates of six neutral countries—Denmark, the United States, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland—has assembled in Stockholm on the initiative of Mr. Henry Ford. This Conference is not official, but it is based on the guiding principles adopted by the governments represented in the Second Hague Conference. Hence it has resolved to address to the governments and parliaments of the neutral countries an urgent request asking them to take the initiative in calling an official Conference of the neutral nations with a view to hastening the conclusion of a just and permanent peace.

It is the duty of the neutral governments to offer mediation: "Independently of the means" (see article 2), we read in the convention cited above, "the contracting Powers judge it useful and desirable that one or more Powers not concerned in the conflict should offer on their own initiative, so far as circumstances permit, their good offices or their mediation to the nations at war."

"The Powers not concerned in the conflict have the right to offer good offices or mediation even during the course of hostilities."

"The exercise of this right can never be regarded by either of the parties to the conflict as an unfriendly act."

It is in view of these considerations that the unofficial Conference in Stockholm respectfully begs you to be willing to endeavor by every means in your power to obtain the co-operation of neutral nations toward official mediation between the belligerents and toward the future development of an international order of justice.

LOUIS P. LOCHNER,
General Secretary Neutral Conference.

THE PULPIT

Battle-field Survivals

A Memorial Day Address

A Sermon Preached May 28, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Inheritors of the past are we, Father, recipients of the bounty of those who have gone before. In the consciousness of the rich inheritance that is ours, may we find an abiding love for our fellow-beings, may we find peace in a devotion to the right, in a rising hope for the future. Help us, Father, to enter into the life of the miserable, to feel their woes, that thereby we may become better workers with Thee for the peace that abideth, the harmony that sweetens bitter hearts, the fellowship that over-reaches the boundaries of rivalry and hate.

Hasten the day, O Father, when man shall no longer lift up hand against his fellow man, when the nations shall recognize their common ties in their common privileges, and work together for the advancement of those things that make for a redeemed world.

Father, we pray that the war-guns may be silenced more speedily, that the hatred in our hearts may be eliminated, that the prejudices born out of ignorance may be dissipated, that the pride of nations and the conceit of flags may be obliterated. Father, we are all thy children, and we await thy blessing. Teach us by virtue of our brotherhood to be better citizens of this land, truer advocates of the government which is "of the people, by the people and for the people" for evermore. Amen.

At this memorial season let us think of battle-field survivals, broken men, armless, legless and blind, shattered homes, orphaned children, burdened women, the silent cities of the dead sown broadcast over the land.

What are the survivals of the battlefield? Embittered hearts, coarsened ideals, debauched habits, age-long hatreds, century-long distrusts, national animosities, patriotic narrowness, perennial fear, suspicious vigilance against foes imaginary or real.

What are the survivals of the battle-field? Impoverished governments, debt-ridden nationalities, burdened exchequers, thinned race blood, the children of the unfit, propagated by the defective, those rejected for the guarding of the nations and preserved to perpetuate the race.

These are some of the battle-field survivals.

But, thanks to the care of Providence, these survivals are outlived by the tales of self-sacrifice, the tempering of the spirit, the discipline of the camp, the culture of the heroic, all of which have been so often celebrated by poet, painter and sculptor. Fortunately, the nobler survivals of the battle-field abide in the statuary that embellishes our parks, in the pictures that enrich our galleries, in the music that stirs our blood.

The highest survivals of the battle-field are found in that slow sifting of human experience which we call history, which is steadily revealing the better way of solving the quarrels of nations as of individuals. On the battle-fields of the world, the logic of force is convicted of imbecility and the pleas of reason and the pledges of love are lifted above battle clouds and cannon thunder and beckon to the better judgment of the generations to come.

I do not forget the day we are celebrating. It is the time for our annual commemoration. This is the day when the survivors of the noblest army ever marshalled proudly wear their badges. The shrinking battalions of the "G. A. R." are assembling for another march, weak and stumbling though they may be.

Let me narrow the question for a moment and ask what are the battle-field survivals of our own Civil War? What I have said thus far would apply to all the battle-fields ever recorded on the pages of history. What are the survivals of the American battle-fields of '61 to '65? Wasted treasure, burned records, devasted court and state houses, vanished home centers, demoralized farm quarters, arbitrary lines pushed into abnormal prominence.

What are the battle-field survivals of '61 to '65? Sectional hatreds, state suspicions, carpet-bag atrocities, Ku-klux outrages, lynch-law violence, corrupted politicians, boodle, graft, Tammany scandals, "pork-barrel" disgraces. Let us frankly admit that all these things were fostered, bargained for by the war. They have demonstrated the logical consequences that ever trail in the pathway of war. Spiritual and ethical lawlessness, in our history, as in all history, was somehow connected with cavalry raids and guerilla warfare, aye, even with the masterful campaignings from Shiloh to Petersburg.

But here again there is a credit as well as a debit side to the accounting. On the credit side of battle-field survivors we find Booker T. Washington and Tuskegee, Fisk University and innumerable other schools and colleges for the freedmen and their descendants, negro holdings in city and county real estate, freedmen's banks and Y. M. C. A. buildings, all these in constantly increasing numbers. All these are survivals of the battle-fields of '61 to '65. Among the survivals are the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to our national constitution. It is true they are challenged, evaded and despised in many quarters, but they still remain.

Another survival of those battle-fields is the splendid development of the broadened citizenship. Among the survivals of the battle-fields of the war are the traditions of Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel and the 175,000 German-born defenders of the flag, Phil Sheridan and the 150,000 Irish soldiers who, when the necessity came, drenched the Southern fields with their blood. The cementing in national bonds of the unnumbered thousands of foreign born who pledged their lives to democracy, and sealed their loyalty to the republic with their lives was a survival of those battle-fields. Twenty-five per cent out of over two million soldiers who committed themselves to the perpetuation of the Union and the freedom of the slaves, were foreign born, and through their part in that mighty struggle they won a right to a place in the confidences as well as in the economies and the industrial life of America.

As survivors of the battle-fields of the Civil War, we are no longer children of a "mother-land," or of a narrow "fatherland," but the honest and justified children of the All-Fatherland. This precious survival we are slow to accept, but we deny it at the peril of our growth and to the disgrace of our intelligence. A few years ago, when the population of Chicago was estimated at two million—I presume we should now add another half million—statistics showed that 150,000 were Scandinavians, 125,000 Russians, 20,000 Greeks, and 75,000 Lithuanians, and it is claimed that half the present population of the City of Chicago is of Germanic birth or descent.

The survivavls of our battle-fields are making the title of these men and their descendants to citizenship good, good at the Court of Heaven as well as at the courts of men, good in the accounting of nations as well as in the accounting of individuals.

In a single year 565,000 people came from northern and western Europe to make a new nation, to conquer the unsubdued acres of our vast territory, nay more, to inject into the sordid acquirements of land-grabbers something of the poetry and ideality of the prophets of freedom, the apostles of liberty. They were immigrant recruits to the celestial bodyguard of mankind represented by the singers and the artists and the leaders of the world. Blessed is this noble survival of the battle-field.

Still keeping my book-keeping figure in mind, these higher survivals are all to be counted on the credit side of war. I confess my inability, and I doubt that of any other human mind to adequately post the books on the debit side of war, our own Civil War included. But on the credit side, with as great deliberation and as much emphasis as I am capable of, I declare my conviction that were all those sacrifices, all those demoralizations and debaucheries necessary to secure these credits, the price was not too high.

But woe to the United States, alas for democracy, and shame to Christianity if all these survivals, debit and credit alike, do not show to the world that our war, like all wars, was the very, very wrong way of doing the very right thing. It was a rough hewing towards the goal of peace necessitated by our ignorance and our depravity, our lack of vision, our want of sense more than our lack of conscience. He is blind to the mighty sweep of cosmic law who believes that war must always be. He is wrong who assumes that in the bookkeeping of history, figures do not lie and human nature is unchangeable. Figures lie continually when we undertake to place bounds to human power and limit human progress by the multiplication table.

The survivals of these battle-fields give to us glimpses of the larger battle-fields of the universe. These are but the later acts in the drama of creation, whose earlier history is recorded upon the geological tablets of the rocks. We read there the story of extinct creatures with horns, fangs, claws and armor-plated bodies. The wolf, the lion and the tiger are gone or going. We dig into the earth to find the story of extinct generals, who were defeated not by the sword, but by brain. Primitive man was very active with his brawn. He trusted much to his club and to his bow and arrow. The earlier development of brain ranked the soldier as the highest gentleman. He was never presentable to good society without a sword at his side. The hero of the Christian centuries has been too much the man on horseback, but he is gone or going.

This page of history enforces the lesson, however reluctant we may be to accept it, that nations no more than individuals need longer try to fight out their interests or settle their quarrels by the shedding of blood. The dawn, at least, of the age of reason is upon us. The coming of this age of law is at hand, and the arbitraments of love are to retire the coarse, brutal weapons that belong to the extinct life of pre-Adamic eras.

Much shallow science and more flippant mockery has been poured out in the newspapers upon the pacifists who paraded the dinosaur in our streets as the type of the military, but the significance of the dinosaur is entirely overlooked, whether carnivorous or herbivorous. He is gone, and all his successors along those lines are going, and this biological fact obtains in the larger interpretations of history. The world-conquering nations of history are gone or going. So the principalities that trusted their strength to swords and armaments have been convicted of embecility, and proof of this is discovered in the dust of oblivion or in the waning strength that remains.

Samarkand, once the Paris of the oriental world, a university center, the home of art, of luxury and of literature, is now a waste land, and its desolation has been caused by war. Cæsar triumphed to the eternal death of the Roman Empire. Greece went down and out on account of its military ambitions, and the earlier stages of its downfall were marked by military triumphs and conquests.

But let us not be disloyal today to the soldier and his traditions. Once more I say that if the fruits of the battle-field on the credit side could have been achieved in no other way, even the ghastly, wicked price was not too much to pay. It was John Ruskin who first called attention to the fact that the soldier is beloved by men and women and his story is perpetuated in history, not because of his willingness to kill, but on account of his readiness to die, when need be, for a cause. The soldier appeals to the youths of our schools, not because he makes a striking spectacle, but because he is a symbol of ideals.

Last Friday, as a private of the G. A. R., I was honored by being allowed to sit on the reviewing stand where only generals and their staffs were supposed to gather and watch the passing of a regiment, twelve hundred strong, marshalled with banners and drums, moving with rhythmic step across the campus of the Chicago Normal College. This regiment was a procession in white, made up of boys and girls from the Kindergarten to the Eighth Grade, each bearing a flag. They passed into the Assembly Hall to hear, and to see, I suspect, more than to hear, a "real old soldier," and their eyes grew bright and their faces glowed at the sight of my badge and my white bordered flag before I had uttered a word. That regiment, with its devotion and enthusiasm, is a part of the bodyguard of the United States and the future, a battalion in the procession of true preparedness, already enlisted in the interest, not of force, but of ideals. Their flag had already ceased to stand for German or British prejudices, for European conceit or American pride, and those little ones understood the symbol and the symbolism that made the procession a festival of the spirit and the flag an emblem of brotherhood.

Percy Mackaye, taking William James' cue, has been discussing some fitting substitute for war. He calls attention to the fact that the forces of civic life, of science and industry, go clothed in drab. He says there is a "flat monotony" about such dress, an absence of the symbolism that appeals to youth and of the idealism that summons courage and inspires heroism. He pleads for what he calls the civic engineer, the political engineer and the dramatic engineer, to illumine the civic life of our nation with idealism, to marshal the forces of the rising generation with prompt step and proud carriage in the interest of the things that preserve rather than destroy life. He illustrates his point by a story of one of the earlier charges

of the French line, a year or more ago. The French peasant soldiers, who were for the time victorious, discovered, on the field they had just succeeded in capturing, a grim, weird figure, seated upon a rock, clothed with an imposing mantle, large, silent, impressive. And when they tore off this mantle they beheld one gorgeously clothed in a uniform resplendent with lace and frills, buttons and epaulettes, and instead of bearing deadly weapons he had only a curiously carved little wand of mahogany which he carried and sometimes kissed. This stately, imposing figure would not speak. The imagination of the peasant soldiery said, "Lo, here we have captured a great general." They had heard of the wand of office. "Perchance he is of royal lineage and this is the royal wand," and someone in broken German exclaimed, "Who art thou?" using the stately phrase that belongs to nobility, and the reply came back in German speech, "I am the Imperial Bandmaster!" And he might have said, "My baton has been more powerful than the general's sword. My wand has moved the battle lines to greater military triumphs than any eagled colonel in the German ranks, for it is just so. The survivals of the war that will ever abide in the hearts of the truly peaceful are the drum and the fife. When the bugle calls the blood stirs, and we are all waiting for the new idealism that will give something stirring to live for in the science and art of the peaceful walks of life.

I once said to Professor Claxton, Commissioner of the Department of Education, "It is up to you educators to find a substitute for the military camp, something that will appeal to the ideals of our college boys, that will generate the inspiration and pride that now go with martial movements, with no suggestion of guns, bayonets and cannon. What is it to be?"

Hesitatingly and thoughtfully he replied, "We have not found it yet, but we must find it. The Greeks in their best days found it."

May I, in conclusion, try to summon before your imagination the army of defense that is to survive? Let us start with the assertion of Ruskin that the soldier appeals to us because he is willing to die for his country.

The business of the nation's defenders naturally falls into four heroic divisions. City, state and nation are menaced by four great foes, to meet which requires a trained army, disciplined and intelligent.

These are the foes which only such an army can successfully meet:

First, disease, which in the last analysis is the result of dirt. Sanitation calls for high service, beginning with the street sweeper and ending with the great laboratories and the directing of the measures by which such noble achievements have been won under army discipline at Havana, Panama and Manila.

Second, the danger from fire, flood and tempest. The fire department, so neglected and unappreciated, represents the highest reaches of heroism, unlimited gallantry and heroic deeds.

Third, protection from lawless men, law-defying citizens. This requires a police force.

Fourth and last, the ever remote and ever decreasing danger from invading armies.

Here, then, we have the three great departments of the civic army, health, fire, police service, in addition to what we usually designate as the "army." These must meet the dangers that inspire the highest activity and noblest agility of body and mind. Positions in this army ought to bring large pay, great returns in honor and the consciousness of noble service rendered.

When Colonel Waring put the street sweepers of New York City into uniform and decreed that that uniform should be spotless white, he instantly lifted what was an ignoble and discreditable activity into an honorable position. The "White Angels" of the street sweeping band were instantly transformed into favorites of New York City. When, after a year's service in the sanitary department, the soldiers of this portion of the protective army pass into the fire brigade, which will be a section of a national organization, subject to the splendid inspirations of the larger patriotism and the better discipline, they will be ready for duty in flood and tempest, sweeping fires in the government reserves, or such holocausts as overtook Chicago and San Francisco. And after a year's service and study, always study, in this second department, they will be prepared to enter the third division, the highest. Think what a redemption of our present graft-ridden, boodle-dictated police system it will be when the uniformed man whose business it is to save life on the street corners, instead of being the tool of cheap, corrupting politicians, has already served a year's time in the sanitation corps, been toughened and disciplined in the fire department, all under one splendid national organization, and now becomes the proud servant of the nation, independent of and far above and beyond the treasonable influences of the vicious in the vice centers of our cities.

Throughout these three years the members of this civic army would have to bear in mind the possibility of invasion from the outside and keep themselves in training, ready to spring at a moment's warning to repel the invading force on the border.

Something like this is a preparedness that will appeal to the intelligent, to those who believe in a government dedicated to democracy. Here is no sixteen-dollar-a-month job open to the incompetent "Tommy Atkinses" that must of necessity constitute the bulk of a standing army in time of peace. This is a job for men.

The survivals of the battle-field push us into the higher warfare and teach us to battle against evil with other weapons than those of the tiger and the lion, the leopard and the wolf.

As a member of the G. A. R., proud of my comradeship, out of many battle experiences whose fevered recollections I still bear in mind and heart, I welcome the new day that shall marshal the new army devoted to protection against the great enemies of life, individual and corporate; an army that shall meet the pestilence that walks with slippered feet where the innocent are asleep, unconscious of their danger; an army that never sleeps, but promptly at the tap of the firebell rushes into the jaws of death to rescue life and property; an army that will hold vicious citizens at bay and will all the while constitute an integral part of the glorified national army, prepared by science, trained to highest service and equipped with the most successful of life-saving appliances.

This army will not be known as life-destroying but as life-preserving.

Teach us, Father, how to reach the higher patriotism. Help us to dedicate ourselves to the cause of freedom, equality and justice, and make us conscious members of the brotherhood that encircles the globe. Amen.

The Preparedness We Need

It were worth while seriously to consider the various schemes that have been proposed by those who favor what they call "preparedness," were it possible to get from such an undertaking suggestions that would point to anything conclusive or very promising. When one attempts to do this, however, one so often meets with a mass of vagueness and pretentious speculation out of which it is quite impossible to extract anything convincing or prospectively material, that only disappointment results. Vast sums of money—for what? Greatly increased regular army—to what definite end? Dreadnaughts or cruisers or submarines—how many and just how to be disposed? Fortifications, means for mobilization, aerial service, munition plants, and a hundred other grand matters—all talked about as glibly as though it were mostly puppets and skimmers that were under consideration! Out of it all, what can the common citizen glean that his common or educated or devout sense can approve, or his pocketbook enthusiastically respond to? Surely the taxpayer's patriotism is worthy of as intelligent foundation and as appropriate stimulation as that of the professional military man, or the politician, or the fortune grabber, or the sentimentalist who is usually more ready to sacrifice his neighbor's interests than his own. In the long run, it is the mothers who have raised their boys, and the fathers who have furnished means to raise them on, that is to provide for either legitimate defense or offense, as well as for the stupidity and greed and bungling that has no legitimacy to its credit. It becomes every citizen, then, calmly, carefully and as intelligently as possible to endeavor to make up his mind as to what should be the course of preparedness that will be likely to bring the best results in the end, whether there is war or not; or, if he feels timid about attempting this, then at least to decide upon what sort of preparation against danger, present or prospective, he himself would like to see undertaken.

II.

We all are given to preparedness in so many senses that the notion itself is not a stranger to any normal mind. We try to prepare against the coming of the rainy day, indeed we devote the greater proportion of our time and energy to activities along this line. We try to construct dwellings that will protect us from the elements, build fences that will keep out unwelcome intruders, and develop moral and intellectual stamina sufficient to keep character from imposition and destruction. Preparedness against the common evils of life—its accidents, diseases, emergencies and crises—is what shows us to be fit citizens of this world. Without it we should go under, and the world would neither pity us nor long remember us except by way of warning to others. And so with respect to our beloved nation. We all believe it should be as thoroughly prepared as may be necessary, or even more so, against every stress and danger to which it may be put. Common sense says this, and our moral and spiritual natures affirm it when allowed free and intelligent play. Nor do we need the influence of morbid fear, or of insatiate greed, or of touchy sensibility, to help us in this matter. In right reason alone we will show normal ability to come to every necessary decision, enact every needful program, execute every sensible plan, and provide adequate means for all this, and with promptness and good will. All this, however, but on one condition only: that we are told the truth, have faith in our informers, and can at any moment assure ourselves of the integrity and skill of those chosen to do our behest. The basis of the preparedness that shall command our attention must lie in actual fact, and right reason, and honest efficiency. Anything less than this is unworthy any true patriot's thought or voice. We who are to pay the bills in money and suffering and life have a right to know the whole truth, to be led in right directions, and to be compensated by a square deal in every particular. Anything less than this will lead to lukewarmness, to the criticism that kills, as well as to dangerous nonsupport and every other hindrance. We have no liking for buncombe patriotism, or untruthful misleading.

III.

When any sort of police or constabulary is organized, it is not for the purpose of conducting a war, at least so far as the common understanding is concerned. The purpose of every such organization is to protect the community borders, and to maintain order within these. With this purpose in view, communities cheerfully and fully provide means and recruits and good-will and are glad of the protection that is thus systematized. But no community attempts to support a larger force of the kind than is deemed necessary, or is rendered necessary by varying conditions. So also the nation, being a community, but larger, should not fail to provide every such policing and protection as may be found necessary and feasible. To this no right-minded citizen objects. But, again, this larger community has no particular call to, or is not very wise when, it even but contemplates a larger force than is actually necessary. So far as one can yet see we evidently need something like our present numbers to keep us straight and safe, and we consider this to be well and good. Moreover, if we should actually need twice or ten times this number we would promptly and cheerfully say equally well and good. But, in either case, we do not see any use for excessive numbers, nor in consenting to excessive outlays. What is or shall be needed, we stand behind with all our resources. But not one man or one dollar will we thus support beyond actual need. Vague fears of imagined dangers, and vague ideas of unlimited preparedness, we repudiate, and wait patiently for something more rational and better defined.

IV.

If there is sense in the foregoing, then it follows that the first thing that should be demanded of our leaders and inspirers is, that the present army and navy shall be brought up to a degree of perfection and efficiency that evidently does not now exist. How

can we bill-payers have confidence in the contemplated larger army or navy, if we cannot have it in the ones now in existence? As one reads about these and their activities, we are easily led to ask without growing seriousness, "Where is the worth of the money already spent, and what assurance can we gather that further outlays will give any better satisfaction? If our hyper-expensive dreadnaughts are but toys mostly to be sailed on gala days to gratify the vanity of those who have conceived and built and are privileged to command them, just what satisfaction can we expect when threatenings or the crash of actual battle comes? If our luxurious regular army should prove no match for the trained troops of other nations, just what safety would we find in their numbers being multiplied, even indefinitely? In either case, what encouragement can you expect us to feel as we think of the speculation, the folly, the grafting, the experimentation, that is said everywhere to abound in military circles as well as in so many others? Whether these things be true or not, the first thing we plain citizens demand of both our present army and navy is, that by their perfection, their efficiency, their stability, made manifest to our puzzled and disappointed minds, a degree of confidence proportioned to their improved value should be firmly established. There is no reason in our minds why ten thousand men or a half dozen marines shall not be as useful in their places as any multiple of these numbers. If we haven't military skill enough to prepare and act to this extent, just where are we going to find them for any larger enterprise that may be undertaken? It will clear the skies convincingly for many people, if it can be shown that so far as we have gone we are well prepared beyond reasonable question. At any rate, this will give us assurance that we are not everlastingly to be governed in these serious matters by log-rolling speculators, or military opportunists, or shrewd, unscrupulous politicians, or grafters at government expense. And that we need this assurance badly is all too evident. When, within a year, I heard a high army officer read a paper on the lack of study of military history in army circles, either in the schools, or the barracks, or on the field, my eyes got wide open with wonder as to what such an omission might be the index of all along the line of army and navy preparedness. Surely we non-military sponsors have a right to ask for something more convincing and assuring than this.

Should it come to seem quite probable that our present forces are enough to insure safety either by sea or land, then no one would object to *appropriate* provision being made for this important object. Should any nation dare invade us, or purposely and repeatedly insult and maltreat us, we all to a man would require that the crisis be met not only actually but in genuine anticipation as well. While we have neither men nor money to be wasted by blind exposure or dawdling weakness, if there is real danger now or reasonably to be anticipated, then all the men and means requisite for warding it off should and will be at hand ready for action. This is simply a decent regard for the dignity of our real worth, and not to be trifled with for a moment. But let the anticipation be real, we demand, not spurious; well founded and not imagined; patriotic and not selfish and reckless. Here again all will ultimately depend on the kind of leaders and advisers and promoters—the kind of motive and aim and skill which shall be seen to prevail. This cannot be said too frequently nor too pointedly. Voting millions of funds and thousands of men and biggest and fastest vessels will not make us safe; rather, it will endanger us irretrievably unless we have the proper spirit behind it all, and the well-balanced skill with which to organize and use them. I doubt if there is anyone who would object to an army of a million, and everything else to correspond, were there actually any serious need of them, and were there leaders and commanders in which there was sufficient confidence. But to raise such an army for the foul hands of greedy promoters, and stupid, conceited bunglers chiefly to despoil and handle, requires a belief in general assininity that is entirely unexpectable. What we want and look for is simply the normal worth of our money, our heart, our suffering, our pride, our patriotism and of our personal respect; and we will be fools indeed if we let trickery and lust and favor and mob recklessness brazenly attempt to satisfy us with anything less. If our boats are really too few, build others; if those we have are too shabby, put them in order. If our army posts are feeders of ambitious politicians chiefly, take possession of them in the name of the entire nation, combine, redistribute and add to their number in such a way that the nation as a whole shall be supreme and best profited. We look likewise for the assurance that, if our army and navy are ever to be increased, ability to make the best use of them will be correspondingly increased. There can be no preparedness great or small that is worth expecting anything satisfactory of, except to be on this commonplace yet substantial basis. In our Civil War both North and South presented too many lessons of serious unpreparedness and incompetency for us long to remember and profoundly to contemplate, to admit of our demanding anything less than this or of our being timid about demanding it.

V.

Finally, as to the propriety of involving the child-mind of the age in all the suggestiveness of military drill and emulation, and the questionable "patriotism" or "preparation" that comes from this, we ought to be able to learn something from what this sort of preparedness has led to in the Central Powers now engaged in war. Bismarck's idea of training "two generations" had its potent way until the people of Germany became obsessed with the one notion of war as the remedy for all their dangers, as well as thoroughly possessed by the warlike leadership that would use war in preference to all other means. Do we really want the idea of war chiefly to be uppermost in the minds of the coming generations? Do we really want our descendants to be trained to yield to the importunities of future war gods, and with as little sense of personal responsibility as have the unthinking sheep that so surely follow their bellicose leader? Isn't there something better than this for us to prepare them for, rather—something that, while not devoid of strenuosity and emulation, is free from the possibility of spilling the nation's best blood, free from the breaking of its noblest hearts, and free from the befuddling and brutalizing of its best intellects? In God's name, in the name of our beloved country,

in the name of our highest self-respect, let us never cease to hope that there is something better than this, nor cease studying how best to find out this "something better," and to instill it into every child's mind and heart that shall be given us. With the dominant notion of war we should not let their susceptibe minds become clouded, except it be absolutely necessary. All the better substitutes for war—industrial, intellectual, moral, spiritual, political, social—we should sedulously commend to ourselves and to all the world, as being by far the better for our children to dwell upon and look forward to developing and enjoying, and this without fear of their being unprepared for any emergency that may be likely to overtake them. No child should be burdened with the cultivation that unduly favors the development of selfish instincts. This is not the way of life nor the peace that abides. The Preparedness We Need is mostly for the maintenance of such a sturdy peace that the nations looking on shall be stimulated to substitute for all their war notions and the greedy longings and schemes that go with these, those of the continued peace that is prosperous and satisfying.

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A Correction

Dear UNITY:

I notice a memorandum in your issue of the 18th of May regarding the historical sketch on Sunday closing. It may interest you to know that in 1896 and 1897 Alderman John J. Coughlin was convicted for keeping open his saloon on Sunday. This work was done by Mr. M. W. Clark.

Yours very truly,
ARTHUR BURRAGE FARWELL,
President Chicago Law and Order League.
June 5, 1916.

What the Presidential Conventions Might Have Done

The following proposal, submitted to several presidential conventions, by The Woman's Peace Party's representatives, is good reading at any time and for anyone. It shows how clear is the way towards universal peace among nations and how near is this end of the road, however far the other end may be. Only eyes blurred by fear, or blinded by the dollar can fail to see this better way.

1

We believe that expression should be given to the common reason and conscience of the world and therefore favor the *immediate calling by the government of the United States of a Congress of Neutral Nations.*

2

We favor action on the part of the United States government looking toward the establishment of an *International Court of Justice* which shall settle such disputes between nations are of a justifiable character; a permanent *International Conference,* which shall develop an enlightened international public opinion and formulate principles on which international co-operation may be based; and a permanent *International Council of Conciliation and Investigation* for the settlement of differences arising from economic competition, expanding commerce, increasing population and changes in social and political standards.

3

Because the desire for war is often aroused by *special interests which profit by war,* we favor such necessary amendments to the federal Constitution as will require, except in case of the invasion of the territory of the United States or the violation of treaties which the United States shall have undertaken to guarantee, *a referendum vote of the entire people before war can be declared.*

4

We *deplore unprecedented expenditure for war preparation* until the present war shall have come to an end and advantage can be taken of the lessons to be learned from its conduct and consequences.

5

We favor the *nationalization of the manufacture of arms and munitions.*

6

We urge action directed toward *universal disarmament by international agreement.*

7

We favor bestowing upon the *federal courts jurisdiction in all cases involving treaty rights of aliens resident in the United States.*

8

We approve the creation of an expert joint commission composed of representatives of the United States, India, China and Japan to *suggest ways of promoting friendly and just relations between the United States and the Orient.*

9

Recognizing the dangers of international friction likely to arise from investments by capitalists of the United States in industrially undeveloped countries, *we favor the adoption of the principle that such investments are made at the risk of investor,* and are not entitled to protection by the military or naval forces of this country.

THY STRENGTH AND MY DAY.

Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,
That whersoe'er I go,
There shall no danger daunt me
And I shall fear no foe;
So shall no task o'ercome me,
So shall no trial fret,
So shall I walk unwearied
The path where my feet are set;
So shall I find no burden
Greater than I can bear,
So shall I have a courage
Equal to all my care;
So shall no grief o'erwhelm me,
So shall no wave o'erflow—
Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,
Cover my weakness so.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

WEEDS.

Till some one laughed at me and said
"They're only weeds—they never live
Inside a well-kept garden bed,"
I thought that they were flowers.
I loved my roadside friends before,
But since I know they grow
Where no one cares, I love them more.
They are so brave to go
Where they may choose—just anywhere
That looks a pleasant place to be.
There's nothing they're afraid to dare.
And now it's plain to me
That weeds are flowers that ran away
Because they like to be quite free
And never grow as people say—
They know the world was made to see.

—*Aileen Cleveland Higgins, in "The Craftsman."*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVII.

Bernard of Clairvaux 1091-1153

"A stout churchman who feared such a free use of reason." Crooker.

Mr. Lewis B. Fisher, Leader

TEXT: *"I believe that I may understand."* Bernard.

This morning we are to consider Bernard the Mystic as the antagonist of Abelard, the leader of the intellectuals. Both men rendered great service to humanity; both held sacred the teachings of the church. Abelard would prove his theology by reason. Bernard, shocked by heretical handling of sacred things, would prove all things by the knowledge of God.

All men believe they should follow the authority of God, but many doubt the human claimant of such authority. There is no atheist. We simply mean by atheist one who does not accept our particular name and concept for God. The atheist believes in an eternal something though nameless his God may be. God is Reality. True religion is to get into right relations with Reality. Augustine was the first great man to present the claim of authority, his followers are countless. This authority did what nothing else could have done to shape and mould the ignorant, scattered races of Europe between 476 and 1453.

The mystic contends that there is a direct and immediate experience of God and of duty possible to the human soul. This direct knowledge differs from outward human authority and differs from what we usually mean when we say reason. No one can describe it to another. Knowing God or Jesus is akin to a lover knowing the beloved. The mystic contends that we have faculties or powers, higher or deeper than cold reason, by which faculties we specially know God and right. A child is deeply wronged who is deprived of some working knowledge of the three paths to a true philosophy of life,—Authority, Mysticism and Reason, rightly defined and rightly related.

Bernard was born of good parents. He was much like his mother, Aleth or Alice, who was a nun by nature and yearning and who reluctantly consented to wifehood and motherhood. But having undertaken this lower career, as she regarded it, she was a beautiful wife and mother. Bernard, her third son, was the child of passionate prayer, vision and prophecy. Until Aleth died, Bernard then being quite a youth, the relation between them was very close. Bernard was born a Mystic and a Monk. He and his mother never talked of anything else. It was a good time for a man to be born. The darkest of the dark ages had ended about 1033 and Europe was beginning to perceive the dawn of a new intellectual and economic and social life. It is said by many that Bernard was the strongest, wisest, most useful man in Europe in his day. He could have held any position, accepted many honors, but he never contemplated being anything else than a monk and a mystic. So bad was Europe even within the church that Bernard felt that one must withdraw to save one's soul from hell. His eloquence was so persuasive that hundreds and thousands of young men entered the monasteries. When mothers and fathers begged him to leave to them their sons he sternly rebuked them for wishing their sons to be cast into hell fire.

When twenty-two years old Bernard, and thirty companions, including his brothers and an uncle, took vows as Cistercian monks, the vows of poverty, obedience and chastity. The monk's life began. This meant to rise at two each morning, chant prayers until nine, do hard manual labor until two, then eat the one meal of the day, vegetable food entirely, labor until nightfall, then sing vespers until early bed-time. Bernard surpassed them all in his submission to this discipline.

Monasteries proving so popular, new ones must be built constantly, and in 1115 Bernard was sent to the Valley of Wormwood to clear a farm out of a wilderness infested with robbers. After years of almost unbelievable toil this robber valley becaume Clairvaux, "brightdale," or "Fair Valley." Those toiling monks had built mills, were weaving cloths and tanning leather. They had turned the river into water power by which to do these things. It was a wonderful scene of thrift, industry and beauty. Here Bernard lived and died.

Bernard apparently did not have physical health enough in his life to last a modern man a week. He starved himself. He hated bathing, clothing, sleeping. He killed his sense of taste so that he had no idea what was put into his mouth. To be comfortable on earth was to burn endlessly hereafter. He loved two women, his mother and the Virgin Mary, who were both in Heaven, and that was near enough for any woman to be. Once he saw a beautiful woman and heard her voice. He ran and jumped into a pond, breaking through the ice and submerging himself to the neck in that frigid bath until he taught that poor body of his that Aletta and Mary in Heaven were the only two women he should ever think of.

This was the monastic ideal and it was the passion of Bernard's life to spread it all over Europe. The monasticism of that day did two things. It harbored what little learning there was and furnished an asylum for the poor and distressed. But the proverb of that day was on the whole true, a solitary man became either a beast or an angel. Bernard was an angel, but for one Bernard there was five thousand beasts.

According to all rules this dreamy mystic, who hated his body, killed his flesh, was so unnatural in his thought of woman, childhood and home, ought to have been a most useless and impractical man. Instead of which he was the hardest worker, the sanest, wisest mind, the most sought for adviser in Europe in his day. He became the most famous preacher of his time. At fifty-five he was called to be orator of the

Second Crusade (1145-47) and aroused all Europe to a fever of frenzy to rescue Edessa from the Moslems. He decided who should be Pope and who should be King. He forced robber barons to restore to the poor and Rudolph to forego the slaughter of the Jews, and even William of Aquitaine, a physical giant, a violent brute, regarded with horror and fear by all, was finally brought to repentance by Bernard.

Bernard's passion to spread over the whole world the authority of the Pope of Rome was wrong, his theology of an angry God, personal devils, endless hell, was wrong, his effort to destroy his body was wrong, his idea that all good men should retire to monasteries was a mistake, his estimate of woman as the devil's own temptress was unspeakably horrible. His fight with Abelard, trying to kill the divine right of human reason, is totally repugnant. Yet Bernard stands absolutely indifferent to all such thought. This soul with mystic relations with God we love. We love his mysticism, his wisdom, his humility. We love this man who never used his power for his own selfish ends, who was kindness itself to all mistakes or ignorance. He was the blazing wrath against pride and presumption. Where in all the world is such an example of the dominance of a strong soul, the power of a soul over body.

Abelard was will itself. Can will be fastened to one by authority? Can a man coldly reason himself into it? It must come from the soul knowing the Eternal Soul, knowing him as the mystics knew him directly, immediately, until His will is your will and yours His. "I must know first and then believe," said Abelard. Bernard said, "I love first and when my mind is illumined by heavenly love, then I know." May we not say they were both right and both wrong. If I love without reason I am wrong. If I reason without love I am wrong. I love and I reason together forever.

St. Bernard's hymn:

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name
O Saviour of Mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek.
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find? Ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou
As thou our prize wilt be.
Jesus be thou our glory now
And through eternity.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What were differences in Abelard and Bernard's viewpoint?
(2) What is a mystic?
(3) Bernardic dates—relations with his mother.
(4) Contrast his mysticism with his practical achievements.
(5) What did he accomplish?

"Enemies of the Republic"

An American reporter interviewed M. E. Laurent, the chief of police in Paris during the war. At the conclusion of the interview the reporter asked the chief, "Have you been very hard on anybody?"

"Oh, yes," the chief replied. "I have been very hard on some people. I have been terribly hard."

"On whom?" asked the reporter.

"Well, on gamblers, for instance, and on sellers of cocaine, ether and dope in general."

"What have you done to them?"

Slowly, deliberately, but with great emphasis, the prefect of police said, "I have treated them as *enemies of the republic.*"

At the very same time the news comes across the sea that the great American jockey, Tod Sloan, who rode King Edward VII.'s horses, had been expelled from England. He was the idol of the multitude a short time ago. He has been deported from Great Britain under the Defense of the Realm Act, as we stated last week. While no cause is stated, it is understood that it is because he has been running a gambling house in London where British army officers have lost large sums of money. This constitutes him at this time an enemy to England's welfare.

It is a significant fact that the war has made perfectly evident to the French and British governments what the Christian preachers and press have insisted on all the time—that gambling joints and gamblers and sellers of "dope" of all kinds are among the most dangerous enemies of the country.

Lloyd George, early in the war, listed another enemy: "We are fighting three enemies—Germany, Austria and drink, and the greatest of these is drink."

Here is the proclamation which some of the best and most patriotic Englishmen are publishing to the world:

I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.
I have turned men into brutes, and have made millions unhappy.
I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.
I make smooth the downward path for countless millions.
I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.
I make the wise man a fool, and trample the fool into his folly.
I am known to the abandoned wife, the parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow and to the hungry children.
I am a greater foe to the empire than the Germans.
I have almost brought defeat on the empire through drunken workmen.
I am doing my best to bring this about.
I am still "Going Strong."

I am Alcohol.

—*From Congregationalist and Christian World.*

"The Bible says an ass spoke up once and reproved a man, and I reckon if an ass can reprove a man, so can a woman. And it looks to me like men stand in need of reprovin' now as much as they did in Balaam's day."—*Eliza Calvert Hall* (*Aunt Jane of Kentucky.*)

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

From the Russell Sage Foundation Survey Department.

Regularity of work counterbalanced by low wages seems to be the situation among Springfield laundry workers, who are largely women.

According to the Sage Foundation report on industrial conditions the five laundries in the city "seemed to be little affected either by seasonal or financial depressions. At certain times of the year—in State Fair Week and at Christmas—a few extra workers were taken on, but a regular force was given steady employment. In spite of the ten-hour day, the earnings of the women were low. The beginning wage for girls sixteen years of age in one establishment at the time of this inquiry was 9 to 10 cents an hour; but increases were made as workers gained experience until a maximum of 13 to 14 cents was reached.

Piece Work.

"Much of the laundry work in Springfield was paid for at piece rates but the earnings of piece workers did not greatly exceed those of workers paid by the hour. The payroll in one laundry showed several girls earning $4.50 a week, others earning as high as $12, but the average was about $6. The wages paid to men were somewhat higher—$2 a day to men who operated washing and drying machines, while the head washer in one laundry earned $3 a day.

"Reports from individual workers corroborated the statements of employers. A shirt bosom ironer, for instance, with three years' experience, earned from $6.50 to $7 a week; a sorter, twenty-two years old, earned $6 to $7; a shaker earned $6 a week; a mangle girl, 12 cents an hour or $7.20 per week; a marker with ten years' experience rarely made over $8 a week. Thus the low wage rates in this industry to a considerable extent counteract the advantages accruing through regular work the year round."

Mercantile Establishments.

Here too work is fairly regular and rates of pay are low. "Extra workers were brought in during special rush periods, such as State Fair week, and Easter and the Christmas holidays; and though the number of these workers was sometimes large, the duration of their employment was brief. One department store during the Christmas holidays increased its force from 115 to 165 workers—43 per cent; another increased its force 10 per cent during the rush periods. A five-and-ten-cent store with a normal force of 35 increased it to 62 during the last State Fair week, and to 114 during the Christmas rush.

Extra Help

"None of the stores visited reported any difficulty in securing extra help during such periods. There seemed to be many persons in the city ready to take advantage of a few odd days of employment which held out no hope of developing into anything permanent. In fact, there seemed to be no dearth of women and girls anxious to become sales clerks, for all the stores visited kept rather extensive waiting lists and were forced to turn away many applicants. This liberal margin of available labor undoubtedly accounts to a large extent for the low wage rates which obtain in many Springfield stores.

Not All Alike

"All the stores, however, must not be classed together, for some which deal in relatively higher priced commodities need a more capable sales force than others—particularly than the five-and-ten-cent stores—and consequently pay higher wages. Except for one woman who received $25 per week and whose duties included more than those of an ordinary sales clerk, the wages of sales clerks in the department stores of Springfield ran from $4 to about $9 a week. The manager of one department store stated that the average wage of his sales girls was from $6 to $7; the superintendent of another fixed the average for his sales girls at from $7 to $8. A sales girl interviewed in her home who had been with the last named store for nine months and who was earning $4.50 thought that most of the girls got from $5 to $6. The manager declined to furnish detailed information regarding wage rates. At a third store it was stated that sales girls made from $7 to $10. Of nine in this store receiving less than $7, the manager said six earned $6, the other three $4. A chief sales girl in one part of this store, visited in her home, had been with the store for five years and was earning $7. Most of the sales girls, she said, got from $4 to $5."

Nine Girls.

Nine girls were interviewed in homes visited for securing other data. The

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three younger were 17 years old, the oldest was 22. All but two had worked in the store for two to five years. The wages ranged from $4 to $7, the last going to a chief sales girl with a five-year experience.

"Of these girls two had attended high school, one had taken a course in business college, and two were attending evening school, all of which seemed to indicate some ambition to advance. Yet as the table shows, the weekly wage even after several years at work was very low.

"In addition to the force of sales girls the department stores employed many younger girls as check girls and bundle wrappers. At two of the stores these girls started at $3 a week. At a third the manager said they started at $2.50, but the chief sales girl above mentioned was sure some were still starting as low as $2."

Five-and-ten-cent stores will be reviewed next.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

If you had before you three thousand of the best trained and most influential social workers in public and voluntary service in America, representing all kinds and degrees of religious belief, what spiritual message would you bring to them?

In the presence of such a situation, the preacher of the annual sermon at the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at Indianapolis, May 14, gave an address upon "Religion in Life." The speaker was Rev. Worth M. Tippy, pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, New York City, a man who has through several important pastorates felt the pulse of the church in urban life. The presiding officer of the Conference was a Catholic clergyman, Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, for many years a member of the Indiana Board of State Charities, who in his opening address had said that religion is the strongest ally of organized social work. Among the delegates were two hundred members of the National Conference of Jewish Charities.

"Religion Is Getting into Life," Dr. Tippy gave as his central theme. "That is the striking fact of the present hour in America, and the great meaning of religion for the future. Religion has seemed the possession of the churches, and their differences have tended to intellectual and moral confusion. It has been too much as something apart from ordinary interests; as if it were a great spirit sitting in judgment upon the world, fundamentally critical, suspicious of the springs of human action, unfriendly to the common life. But a change is on, which is like the coming of spring time, and which reminds one of the saying of Jesus, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand'."

"The reality of religion is ceasing to be first of all doctrinal and institutional. It is now entering into the very arteries, veins, capillaries and cells of humanity. It is a powerful ethical spirit which is pushing out into industry, into the control of cities, into international relations, forcing up into these spheres the morality which has been so long established, at least ideally, in the home and in the more private and personal relations of the people."

The Conference at Indianapolis lasted eight days and broke all previous records for size of gatherings of men and women engaged professionally in social work. The main divisions of discussion were upon children, corrections, the family and the community, feeblemindedness and insanity, health, inebriety, promotion of social programs, public and private charities, and unemployment. The next session will be held at Pittsburgh during the spring of 1917, under the presidency of Frederic Almy, secretary of the Buffalo Charity Organization Society. Mr. Almy has already announced as the subject for his presidential address, "The End of Poverty."

NEW WARS FOR OLD

By

John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, [Unitarian], New York City, author of "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?," etc.

DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

"I have read 'New Wars for Old' with great interest. No one has put the case of moral force surpassing physical, and of love as the most irresistible thing, more strongly or persuasively than Mr. Holmes has here. It is the most stimulating reading I have found in a long time; every page challenges one; and its moral intensity is tremendous.

Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, says: "I know of no present day work that takes up so thoroughly and fearlessly the whole history of the deep questions involved in the rise of man to the position of mental and spiritual dominance and true eminence. I think no better service for true preparedness can be rendered this country than to have this book read most widely."

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST "A counterblast to militarism

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